



Golden Nuggets

Collected by

CERTRUDE M. SETTLE



GOLDEN NUGGETS

COLLECTED BY
GERTRUDE M. SETTLE

HALIFAX, CANADA
ROYAL PRINT AND LITHO, LIMITED
1915

INTRODUCTION

THIS little book contains some of the most beautiful and helpful selections of poetry and prose written by poets and others. Its purpose, therefore, is to bring to you golden thoughts which help and give comfort.

G. M. S.

THINK truly, and thy thought
shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and thy word shall
be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be a
great and noble creed.

—*Emerson*

✠ ✠ ✠

A FAITHFUL friend is a strong
defence. He that hath found
a friend hath found a treasure.
A poor man may be said to be
rich in the midst of poverty so
long as he enjoys the interior
sunshine of a devoted friend.

—*James Gibson*

✠ ✠ ✠

WHEN men speak ill of thee
so live that nobody will
believe them.

—*Plato*

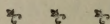
✠ ✠ ✠

OF all things far, I love the
best
The distance from the East
to West,
For by that space, and all within,
God's mercy parts me from
my sin.

—*Amos R. Wells*

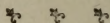
BY my tasks of every day,
By the little words I say,
By the friendships which I make,
By the roads my footsteps take,
My allegiance I proclaim—
My allegiance to a name—
Prove my right His cross to wear,
Cross and name of Christ to bear.

—George Klinge



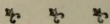
A BRAVE man thinks no one
his inferior who does him an
injury, for he has it then in his
power to make himself superior
by forgiving it.

—Pope



THE things we think govern
our minds and the things we
do make up the sum of our lives;
so to do, even passably well, we
have to think any amount better.

—Max



GOD'S plan for us is sunshine,
Peace, harmony and health
With love divine to fill
Each human need.
Then let us not through error
Miss the wonder of this wealth
But live it in each thought and
word and deed.

BBETTER to be small and shine,
than be great and cast a
shadow.

—Brown



THE trivial round, the common
task,

Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.



I CANNOT do it alone.

The waves run fast and high
And the fogs close chill around:

The light goes out in the sky.
But I know that two
Shall win in the end—Jesus
and I.

Onward and wayward and weak
I change with the changing sky;
Today so safe and brave,

Tomorrow too weak to fly;
But He never gives in,
So we two shall win—Jesus
and I.

—From Dan Crawford's (*fly-leaf*) Bible



DO good with what thou hast,
or it will do thee no good.

—William Penn

WOULD'ST shape a noble
life? Then cast no back-
ward glances toward the past,
and though somewhat be lost
and gone, yet do thou act as
one new-born; what each day
needs, that shalt thou ask. Each
day will set its proper task.

—Goethe

* * *

BE such a man, live such a
life, that if every man were
such as you and every life a life
like yours, this earth would be a
paradise.

—Phillips Brooks

* * *

EN VOYAGE

WHICHEVER way the wind
doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so;
Then blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind
is best.
My little craft sails not alone;
A thousand fleets from every zone
Are out upon a thousand seas;
And what for me were favoring
breeze
Might dash another, with the
shock
Of doom, upon some hidden rock.

Eight

And so I do not care to pray
For winds to waft me on my way,
But leave it to a Higher Will
To stay or speed me; trusting still
That all is well, and sure that He
Who launched my bark will sail
with me
Through storm and calm, and will
not fail,
Whatever breezes may prevail
To land me, every peril past,
Within His sheltering haven at
last.

Then, whatsoever wind doth blow,
My heart is glad to have it so:
And blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind
is best.

—*Caroline Atwater Mason*



DOING nothing for others is
the undoing of ourselves.
We must be purposely kind and
generous or we miss the best.
We do ourselves the most good
by doing something for others.

—*Horace Mann*



LOOK at, think of, do, mem-
orize something beautiful
each day.

HOW fared thy garden plot,
dear heart,
While thou sat'st on the judgment seat?
Who watered thy roses, and
trained thy vines,
And kept them from careless
feet?

Nay, that is the saddest of all to
me—
That is the saddest of all.
My vines are trailing, my roses
are parched,
My lilies droop and fall.

.

Go back to thy garden plot, dear
heart;
Go back till the evening falls,
And bind thy lilies and train thy
vines,
Till for thee the master calls.

Go make thy garden fair as thou
canst;
Thou workest never alone;
Perchance he whose plot is next
to thine
Will see it, and mend his own.

✠ ✠ ✠

MANY men owe the grandeur
of their lives to their tre-
mendous difficulties.

—Spurgeon

A PRAYER.

INTO the heart of me, empty
and waiting,
Over the soul of me, ready and
still,
Through my whole being, con-
suming and purging,
Enlarging and changing, pervad-
ing o'er surging,
Sweep thou, until
Thou shalt throb in the pulse of
me,
Shine from the eyes of me,
Breathe in the voice of me,
All of my entity solving and
merging
In thine, O my God!
Then drenched in the sources of
beauty,
And steeped in the fountains of
singing,
My lost life be found--and some-
what of the radiance
clinging!

—*Cornelia M. Bell in Nautilus*



LIFT up your heads ye sorrow-
ing ones,
And be ye glad of heart;
For Calvary and Easter Day
(The saddest and the gladdest)
Were just ONE day apart.

OH! Let us fill our hearts up
with the glory of the day,
And banish ev'ry doubt and care
and sorrow far away!
For the world is full of roses, and
the roses full of dew,
And the dew is full of heavenly
love that drips for me and you.

—*James Whitcomb Riley*



LIFE is a leaf of paper white
Whereon each one of us
may write
His word or two, and then comes
night.
Greatly begin! though thou have
time
But for a line, be that sublime—
Not failure, but low aim is crime.

—*James Russell Lowell*



LITTLE self-denials, little hon-
esties, little passing words
of sympathy, little nameless acts
of kindness, little silent victories
over favorite temptations—these
are the silent threads of gold
which, when woven together,
gleam out so brightly in the pat-
tern of life that God approves.

—*F. W. Farrar*

THE BLACK SHEEP

PO' lil' brack sheep dat strayed
away,

Done los' in de win' an' de
rain—

An' de Shepherd he say, "O
hirelin',

Go fin' my sheep again."

An' de hirelin' say, "O shepherd,
Dat sheep am brack an' bad."

But de Shepherd he smile, like
dat lil' brack sheep

Wus de onliest lamb he had.

An' de Shepherd go out in de
darkness

Where de night wus cool an'
bleak

An' dat lil' brack sheep, He fin' it,
An' lay it agains' His cheek.

An' de hirelin' frown, "O Shep-
herd,

Don' bring dat sheep to me!"

But de Shepherd he smile an' hol'
it close,

An'—dat lil' brack sheep—wuz
—me!

✧ ✧ ✧

DOING one's best at each
moment is all there is of
life.

—*Lilian Whiting*

THE WELLS OF LIFE

OFT when of God we ask
For fuller, happier life,
He sets us some new task
Involving care and strife;
Is this the boon for which we
sought?
Has prayer new trouble on us
brought?

This is indeed the boon,
Though strange to us it seems;
We pierce the rock and soon
The blessing on us streams;
For when we are the more athirst,
Then the clear waters on us burst.

We toil as in a field
Wherein, to us unknown,
A treasure lies concealed,
Which may be all our own;
And shall we of the toil complain?
That speedily will bring such
pain?

We dig the wells of life
And God the waters gives;
We win our way by strife,
Then He within us lives;
And only war could make us meet
For peace so sacred and so sweet.

—*Thomas L. Lynch*

BE STRONG!

BE strong!

We are not here to play—
to dream, to drift.
We have hard work to do and
loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle—face it;
'tis God's gift.

Be strong!
Say not the day is evil. Who's to
blame?
And fold the hands acquiesce—
O shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely
in God's name.

Be strong!
It matters not how deep intrench-
ed the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day
how long;
Faint not—fight on! Tomorrow
comes the song.

—*Maltbie D. Babcock, D. D.*

✻ ✻ ✻

WH O, then, is free? The
wise man who can govern
himself.

—*Horace*

JUDGE NOT.

JUDGE not!—though clouds of
seeming guilt may dim thy
brother's fame;
For fate may throw suspicion's
shade upon the brightest name;
Thou canst not tell what hidden
chain of circumstances may
Have wrought the sad result that
takes an honest name away.

Judge not!

Judge not—the vilest criminal
may rightfully demand
A chance to prove his innocence
by jury of his land:
And surely, one who ne'er was
known to break his plighted
word,
Should not be hastily condemned
to obloquy unheard.

Judge not !

Judge not—thou canst not tell
how soon the look of bitter
scorn
May rest on thee, though pure
thy heart as dewdrops in the
morn.
Thou dost not know what freak of
fate may place upon thy brow
A cloud of shame to kill the joy
that rests upon it now.

Judge not!

Judge not—but rather in thy
heart let gentle pity dwell;
Man's judgment errs, but there
is One who "doeth all things
well."

Ever, throughout the voyage of
life, this precept keep in view:
"Do unto others as thou wouldst
that they should do to you."

Judge not!

Judge not—for one unjust re-
proach an honest heart can feel
As keenly as the deadly stab
made by the pointed steel.

The worm will kill the sturdy oak,
though slowly it may die,
As surely as the lightning stroke
swift rushing from the sky.

Judge not!

—*Anonymous*



DO all the good you can,
By all the means you can,
In all the ways you can,
In all the places you can,
At all the times you can,
To all the people you can,
As long as ever you can.

—*John Wesley*

TRUE REST

REST is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to one's sphere.

'Tis the brook's motion,
Clear without strife,
Fleeting to ocean,
After this life.

'Tis loving and serving
The highest and best;
'Tis onward, unswerving,
And this is true rest.

—Goethe



SOMEBODY

SOMEBODY did a golden
deed;
Somebody proved a friend in
need;
Somebody sang a beautiful song;
Somebody smiled the whole day
long;
Somebody thought, "'Tis sweet
to live";
Somebody said, "I'm glad to
give";
Somebody fought a valiant fight;
Somebody lived to shield the
right.

Was that "somebody" you?

THERE ARE LOYAL HEARTS

THERE are loyal hearts, there
are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure
and true;
Then give to the world the best
you have,
And the best shall come back to
you.

Give love, and love to your heart
will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts
will show
Their faith in your word and
and deed.

For life is the mirror of king and
slave,
'Tis just what you are and do:
Then give to the world the best
you have,
And the best will come back to
you.

—*Madeline S. Bridges*



THOSE who bring sunshine
into the lives of others,
cannot keep it from themselves.

—*J. M. Barrie*

JUST TO BE TENDER.

JUST to be tender, just to be
true,
Just to be glad the whole day
through,
Just to be merciful, just to be
mild,
Just to be trustful as a child;
Just to be gentle and kind and
sweet,
Just to be helpful with willing feet,
Just to be cheery when things go
wrong,
Just to drive sadness away with
song,
Whether the hour is dark or
bright,
Just to be loyal to God and right,
Just to believe that God knows
best,
Just in His promises ever to rest,
Just to let love be our daily key,
That is God's will for you and me.



CHARITY

THERE is so much that is bad
in the best of us,
And so much that is good in the
worst of us,
That it doesn't behoove any of us
To talk about the rest of us.

LITTLE THINGS

LITTLE words are the sweetest to hear; little charities fly farthest, and stay longest on the wing; little lakes are the stillest; little hearts are the fullest, and little farms are the best tilled. Little books are read the most, and little songs the dearest loved. And when nature would make anything especially rare and beautiful, she makes it little—little pearls; little diamonds; little dewes. Agar's is a model prayer; but then it is a little one; and the burden of the petition is little. The Sermon on the Mount is little, but the last dedication discourse was an hour long. Life is made up of littles; death is what remains of them all. Day is made up of little beams, and night is glorious with little stars.



THE Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make His face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee and give thee peace.

THANKFULNESS.

MANY favors which God giveth
us ravel out for want of
hemming, through our own un-
thankfulness; for though prayer
purchaseth blessings, giving
praise doth keep the quiet posses-
sion of them.

—*Thomas Fuller*



MY CREED

I WOULD be true, for there are
those who trust me;

I would be pure, for there are
those who care;

I would be strong, for there is
much to suffer;

I would be brave, for there is
much to dare.

I would be friend of all—the foe—
the friendless;

I would be giving, and forget
the gift;

I would be humble, for I know
my weakness;

I would look up—and laugh—
and love—and lift.

—*Harold Arnold Walters*



ALL service ranks the same
with God; there is no last nor
first.

—*Browning*

ON THE TWENTY-THIRD
PSALM.

IN “pastures green”? Not
always; sometimes He
Who knoweth best, in kindness
leadeth me
In weary ways, where heavy
shadows be.

And by “still waters”? No, not
always so;
Oft-times the heavy tempests
round me blow;
And o’er my soul the waves and
billows go.

But when the storms beat loudest
and I cry
Aloud for help, the Master stand-
eth by
And whispers to my soul, “Lo,
it is I!”

So, where He leads me, I can
safely go,
And in the blest hereafter I shall
know
Why, in His wisdom, He hath
led me so.

—Quoted by Henry H. Barry



HE most lives who thinks most,
feels the noblest, acts the
best.

—Bailey

GRADATIM

HEAVEN is not reached at a
single bound,
But we build the ladder by
which we rise
From the lowly earth to the
vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit
round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly
true:

That a noble deed is a step
toward God—

Lifting the soul from the com-
mon clod

To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are
under our feet;

By what we have mastered of
good and gain;

By the pride deposed and the
passion slain;

And the vanquished ills that are
hourly meet.

Wings for the angels, but feet for
men—

We may borrow the wings to
find the way—

We may hope, and resolve, and
aspire and pray,

But our feet must rise, or we fall
again.

Only in dreams is a ladder
thrown

From the weary earth to sap-
phire walls;

But the dreams depart, and the
vision falls,

And the sleeper wakes on his
pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached by a
single bound,

But we build the ladder by
which we rise

From the lowly earth to the
vaulted skies,

And we mount to its summit
round by round.

—*Dr. J. G. Holland*



I AM not bound to win, but I
am bound to be true. I am
not bound to succeed, but I am
bound to live up to what light I
have. I must stand with any-
body that stands right; stand
with him while he is right, and
part with him when he goes
wrong.

—*Abraham Lincoln*



TAKE life as you find it, but
don't leave it so.

—*Anon*

FAITH

IF I could feel my hand, dear
Lord, in Thine,
And surely know
That I was walking in the light
divine,
Through weal or woe;

If I could hear Thy voice in
accents sweet
But plainly say,
To guide my trembling, groping,
wandering feet,
“This is the way”;

I would so gladly walk therein,
but now
I cannot see.
Oh, give me, Lord, the faith to
humbly bow
And trust in Thee!

There is no *faith* in seeing,
were we led
Like children here,
And lifted over rock and river-bed,
No care, no fear;

We should be useless in the busy
throng,
Life's work undone;
Lord, make us brave and earnest,
true and strong,
'Til heaven is won.

—Sarah K. Bolton

GOD never loved me in so
sweet a way before;
'Tis He alone who can such
blessings send;
And when His love would new
expression find
He brought thee to me and
said,
"Behold a friend."



THE HUMAN TOUCH

HIGH thoughts and noble in all
lands
Help me; my soul is fed by
such;
But ah, the touch of lips and
hands—
The human touch!
Warm, vital, close, life's symbols
dear,
These need I most, and now, and
here.

—*Richard Burton*



ART little? Do thy little well,
And for thy comfort know
Great men can do no better
Than *just so*.

—*Goethe*

IF I can live
To make some pale face
brighter, and to give
A second lustre to some tear-
dimmed eye,
Or e'er impart
One throb of comfort to an aching
heart,
Or cheer some wayworn soul in
passing by;
If I can lend
A strong hand to the fallen or
defend
The right against a single envious
strain,
My life, though bare,
Perhaps, of much that seemeth
dear and fair
To us of earth, will not have been
in vain.
The purest joy
Most near to heaven, far from
earth's alloy,
Is bidding cloud give way to sun
and shine;
And 'twill be well
If on that day of days the angels
tell
Of me: "She did her best for one
of Thine".

✧ ✧ ✧

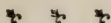
ALL is of God that is, or is to be,
And God is good.

—John G. Whittier

THE day is long, and the day is
hard,
We are tired of the march and of
keeping guard;
Tired of the sense of a fight to be
won,
Of days to live through and of
work to be done;
Tired of ourselves and of being
alone.

And all the while, did we only see,
We walk in the Lord's own
company;
We fight, but 'tis He who nerves
our arm;
He turns the arrows which else
might harm,
And out of the storm He brings
a calm.

—*J. R. Miller*



AN AMBASSADOR

AFFECTIONS should not
bind the soul, but enfran-
chise it. Through them it should
know larger, deeper, higher life.
They should be to it wings by
which to mount. A friend comes
as an ambassador from the
heavens.

Twenty-nine

JESUS OUR ALL

IN the long siege against temptation,
tation,

When the enemy bears down
hard,

When our fort is near ruination,

If, dear Jesus, we have placed
Thee on guard,

Thou art our Strength.

When the days are dreary, dreary
And the gloom so thick one cannot see,

When all around is blackest
darkness

If, dear Jesus, we look to Thee,

Thou art our Light.

When tired of the din and noise
of strife,

And we feel like laying down our
arms in the fight;

When disorder everywhere seems
rife,

If, dear Jesus, we would dwell in

Thy might,

Thou art our Life.

—*Gertrude Settle*

✻ ✻ ✻

BUT in the mud and scum of
things

There always, always, something
sings.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson*

FROM PARADISE LOST

AND chiefly Thou, O Spirit,
that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright
heart and pure,
Instruct me, for Thou know'st
Thou from the first
Wast present, and with mighty
wings outspread,
Dove-like, sat'st brooding on the
vast abyss,
And made it pregnant: what in
me is dark
Illumine; what is low, raise and
support;
That to the height of this great
argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to
men.

—Milton



LAMPS do not talk, but they
shine. A lighthouse sounds
no drum, it beats no gong; and
yet far over the waters its friendly
spark is seen by the mariner.
So let your actions shine out
your religion. Let the main ser-
mon of your life be illustrated by
all your conduct.

—C. H. Spurgeon

OUR LIFE

OUR life is like the dial of a clock. The hands are God's hands passing over and over again. The short hand, the hand of Discipline; the long hand, the hand of Mercy. Slowly and surely the hand of Discipline must pass, and God speaks at each stroke; but over and over passes the hand of Mercy, showering down sixty-fold of blessings for each stroke of discipline or trial; and both hands are fastened to one secure pivot, the great unchanging heart of a God of Love.

—*Florence A. Armstrong*



WE MEET AT ONE GATE

WE meet at one gate
When all's over! The
ways they are many and wide,
And seldom are two ways the
same. Side by side,
May we stand at the same little
door when all's done.
The ways they are many, the end
it is one.
He that knocketh shall enter;
who asks shall obtain;
And who seeketh, he findeth.

—*Owen Meredith*

NOBILITY.

TRUE worth is in being, not
seeming;

In doing each day that goes by,
Some little good—not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.
For whatever men say in their
blindness,

And spite of the fancies of
youth,
There's nothing so kingly as
kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we
measure:

We cannot do wrong and feel
right;
Nor can we give pain and gain
pleasure,

For justice avenges each slight.
The air for the wing of the
sparrow,

The bush for the robin and
wren,
But always the path that is
narrow

And straight for the children of
men.

We cannot make bargains for
blisses

Nor catch them like fishes in
nets,

And sometimes the thing our life
misses

Helps more than the thing
which it gets.

For good lieth not in pursuing,
Nor gaining of great nor of
small;

But just in the doing—and doing
As we would be done by, is all.

Through envy, through malice,
through hating
Against the world early and
late,

No jot of our courage abating,
Our part is to work and to wait.
And slight is the sting of his
trouble

Whose winnings are less than
his worth;
For he who is honest is noble,
Whatever his fortunes or birth.

—*Alice Carey*



PEACE be around thee where-
ever thou art,

May life be for thee one summer's
day,

And all that thou wishest and all
that thou lovest

Come smiling around thy sunny
way.

DUTY

THIS truth comes to us more and more the longer we live, that on what field or in what uniform or with what aims we do our duty, matters very little, or even what our duty is, great or small, splendid or obscure. Only to find our duty certainly and somewhere, or somehow, to do it faithfully makes us good, strong, happy, and useful men, and turns our lives into some feeble echo of the life of God.

—*Phillips Brooks*



ALL things are possible to him that believes; they are less difficult to him that hopes; they are more easy to him who loves; and still more easy to him who perseveres in the practice of these three virtues.

—*Brother Lawrence*



LET us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it.

—*Lincoln*

Thirty-five

BLEST be the tongue that
speaks no ill,
Whose words are always true,
That keeps the law of kindness
still,
Whatever others do.

Blest be the hands that toil to aid
The great world's ceaseless
need—
The hands that never are afraid
To do a kindly deed.



I WOULD flood your path with
sunshine,
I would fence you from all ill,
I would crown you with all bless-
ings,
If I could but have my will.
Aye! but human love may err,
dear,
And a power all wise is near.
So I only pray God bless you and
God keep you through the year.



ALL places that the eye of
Heaven visits,
Are to the wise man ports and
happy havens.

—*Shakespeare*



ROYAL
HARFAX-CANADA